

make a lot of trouble. Every glass that we use is defiled for the Mohammedans, and must be purified by a prescribed procedure. It is thoroughly scoured inside and out, — which certainly does it no harm, — and then dipped solemnly three times in water, being lifted high in the air after each immersion. Even our handshake is defiling; but if our hands are dry, the average Moslem does not feel it necessary to wash after touching them.

To-day we had a little excitement at our tea house. The proprietor had asked me to photograph him while he was carrying two teakettles and sixteen glasses. When he posed, however, the guests crowded around him so

closely, in their eagerness to get into the picture, that he and his two teakettles and sixteen glasses were completely blotted out of the scenery. Before the thing was over a general fight ensued, and the police were forced to intervene.

To-day when I was walking across the Great Plaza an elderly merchant said something to me. As he spoke Persian, I tried in several languages to discover what he meant. At length he pointed up to heaven, and I understood that he asked Allah's blessing upon me. So I made a deep obeisance of gratitude, and he went his way.

A JAPANESE ON HIS COUNTRYMEN¹

BY DR. INAZO NITOBÉ

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No nation dislikes criticism more than the Japanese, or reflects upon it with more searching of soul. We therefore profit by learning what foreigners say about us. At Geneva, where forty nations are represented among the resident League officials, many witty sayings are current regarding the dis-

tinctive qualities of different peoples. For instance, it is said: 'One Englishman signifies stupidity, two Englishmen sport, three Englishmen an empire.' Another is: 'One Pole, a charming companion; two Poles, a heated argument; three Poles, three political parties.' There are said to be seventy political parties in Poland. Coming to our own people, the saying is: 'One Japanese, silence; two Japanese, smiles; three Japanese, a mystery.'

Our Government has had representatives from time to time on all the forty or more international committees at Geneva. They seldom speak, however, many of them apparently imagining that on account of their imperfect command of other

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languages they uphold the dignity of their country better by keeping silent. Indeed, they are almost irritatingly taciturn, although they understand the subject under discussion, as is clear from the manner in which they cast their votes. Two Japanese smile. In fact, when two Japanese meet they invariably laugh, or at least grin broadly. Three Japanese are a mystery — at least, that is the impression they make on foreigners. 'Mystery,' moreover, is meant to be understood in a bad sense, as crafty and disagreeably incomprehensible. Why do we produce such an impression? In order to understand the reason we must consider three things — Japan's attitude toward the rest of the world, the Government's domestic policy, and the behavior of the people.

To begin with, Japan has had little time comparatively to practise the art of intercourse with foreign nations. She lived in seclusion for centuries, and opened her door to foreigners only a short sixty years ago. Added to this are the barriers of language and writing, and above all a radical difference in the way of thinking. The Occidental thinks inductively; the Oriental, as Bergson has pointed out, thinks intuitively. These inevitable obstacles to mutual understanding have been aggravated by some of the diplomatic measures of our Government. For example, its conduct in China and Siberia during the Great War was unpleasantly suggestive of that of a thief at a fire. Even from the most apologetic standpoint our conduct was ambiguous. Every foreign government considers our Siberian expedition, and still more our Twenty-One Demands upon China, dubious mysteries. Our attitude on the opium question has been equally incomprehensible. Japan admits that the traffic in opium is morally bad, but never explains clearly

why she will not stop it. She promises eventually to do so, but she never finds the time ripe for carrying out her promise. She is not definite and decisive, as India is, and therefore incurs suspicion.

This ambiguity in some phases of Japan's foreign policy has seriously hurt her reputation abroad. It encourages foreigners to put a construction upon her conduct which is not really warranted. Deeper students of Japanese diplomacy see nothing mysterious about our dealings. In fact, our country's record is exceedingly clean. Lord Grey has gone out of his way to declare that our conduct at the time of the Boxer troubles and as partners to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was unexceptionable. It is regrettable that we did not handle matters as well in Siberia as we did in China during the Boxer outbreak. Our later mistakes largely explain why our measures in China at the present time are regarded with so much suspicion.

Since Japan has taken an active part in the work of the League of Nations, however, her foreign policy has lost some of its former mystery. Except in respect to the opium trade, our official attitude on international problems has been clear and definite. I do not consider that policy wise in every respect, but it is a policy that reflects the better qualities rather than the worst qualities of our national character. The Chinese are called a nation of traders, and the Japanese a nation of knights — *bushi*. That is cited to justify the statement that a Chinese merchant always keeps his word and a Japanese official always keeps his word, but a Japanese merchant's promise cannot be relied upon. In short, the Japanese Government is not open to the charges of dishonesty that are not infrequently made against the Japanese as individuals.

Let us now turn to Japan's domestic policies, as influencing the foreign estimate of our national character. Here our faults are more clearly in evidence. A great English historian has counted tolerance among the four fundamental elements of civilization. This is a quality in which we are deficient. Our measures for controlling dangerous thought illustrate this. Such dragooning of the public mind would be inconceivable in Great Britain — at one time I should have said also in the United States. Any pleasant Sunday afternoon you can hear in Hyde Park people holding forth to their hearts' content on Socialism, Communism, the abolition of the monarchy, and so on indefinitely. I was in London during the General Strike, and was deeply impressed by the tolerant way in which the strikers were treated even by those members of the public who were most inconvenienced by their action. The miners' leader, Cook, who would have been promptly clapped into prison, or even executed, in Japan, went about freely in public without any thought of a threat to his life and liberty. We think this too lenient, but that is because we still lack that essential of high civilization — tolerance. The deficiency may not be innate with us, it may be due to a lack of experience and training, but it determines the action of the Government, and creates a bad impression upon foreign observers.

Our official attitude regarding social welfare, the protection of labor, trade-unions, and progressive movements in general, shows that we have yet much to learn regarding liberty and tolerance. A powerful movement for the prevention of cruelty to animals exists in Western countries. It is even urged that organized international propaganda be started along these lines. But in Japan we exhibit curious psychological inconsistencies upon this

subject. In certain ways we show great respect for animals, even for dead animals. Geisha girls meet from time to time to hold funeral services for cats sacrificed to make the samisens they play. Memorial services are sometimes held for the souls of dead horses. These ceremonies are quite in keeping with the faith of the Buddhists, who hold that all life is one, and that living beings, whether cats, horses, or even insects, are in a larger concept the brethren of men. One would suppose, therefore, that cruelty to animals would be extremely rare in our country. Nevertheless, while passing through Shiba Park on the way to the University to deliver this lecture, only an hour ago, I saw a horse treated more brutally than I ever saw one treated in Europe during my eight years' sojourn there. Such incidents make foreigners believe that we are at heart a cruel people.

Passing now to private behavior, as explaining certain traits disapproved by foreigners, let me relate a personal experience. When I was returning home last time a European lady on the steamer exclaimed, when we were passing through the Inland Sea, 'What beautiful scenery!' A Japanese student who was standing near her at once said, 'Thank you.' Later, when she pointed to the forests on a certain island as remarkably beautiful, the student bowed again and said, 'Thank you.' I have no doubt that when this lady returned home she related this incident to illustrate the exaggerated pride the Japanese take in their country.

Two or three years ago the book-stores in Berlin were displaying a yellow-covered volume entitled *Die Japanische Pest*. I was so disgusted by the title that for some time I did not buy it. When I saw it in everybody's hands, however, I finally purchased a

copy. It proved to be a story describing how a Japanese doctor had discovered certain bacteria so deadly that one drop of the culture containing them would exterminate the whole population of a great district. A Japanese army surgeon was supposed to have leased a tract of land in Mexico and to have established a nursery for these bacteria there with a view to using them in an eventual war against the United States. The idea conveyed by the book, of course, was that the Japanese would halt at nothing to promote the interests of their country. Another yellow-covered volume published in Berlin about the same time was entitled *Die Asiaten*. It described how a certain American capitalist had formed a great corporation to buy up all the geisha houses and brothels in Japan and to establish a monopoly there which would attract dissipated men from all parts of the world. As a publicity stunt a traveling beauty show of Japanese courtesans toured Europe and America. The whole tendency of the book was naturally to pillory Japanese morals.

Some years ago a very popular play in America and Europe, which has now happily been discontinued, was *The Typhoon*. Once when I was in New York City it was being given simultaneously in four theatres there. The plot centred around the idea that exaggerated patriotism is characteristic of the Japanese — that they will shrink from nothing to further the interests of their country.

Our people have the reputation of being very polite — so polite, as we have seen, that they must thank a foreigner even for praising the scenery of their country. But this politeness has become so conventional that it differs greatly from what is meant by that word in Europe. There it means the courteous desire to spare people

with whom we associate inconvenience and annoyance, to impress them agreeably, and to make them feel at ease. That should be the very essence of all etiquette. Japanese politeness, however, is apt to produce the opposite result. To illustrate by a single example: when visitors call and are shown into a drawing-room, they insist on sitting near the door as a mark of humility, although by so doing they get in the way of other callers and inconvenience the whole company. They prefer to affect humility rather than to make things agreeable for others.

Foreigners are particularly struck by our habit of smiling or laughing without visible reason. 'I have not seen you for a long time, ha-ha!' 'Father died yesterday, ha-ha!' Such indiscriminate and untimely affectation of mirth produces a disagreeable impression upon many people. Here again we probably have an exaggerated effort to seem humble. The speaker is really and sincerely grieved at the death of his father, but he seeks to give the impression that the death of the father of a man of such small importance as himself is of such slight moment that it may be mentioned lightly. Lafcadio Hearn has in one of his volumes a long essay entitled 'The Japanese Smile,' in which he tries — rather unsuccessfully, I think — to elucidate to his foreign readers the various types of smiles in our country.

Again, notwithstanding our reputed politeness, we have a habit of spitting everywhere and of clearing our throats with a loud noise in the presence of company. We also blow our noses violently, and pick our teeth in public. We converse and go about with a toothpick in our mouth. In consulting our own comfort, therefore, we pay little regard to the comfort of others. In Europe only the people of the lowest class spit in the presence of company.

An English friend of mine who had leased a Japanese house at Shiba, in Tokyo, told me, when I asked him how he liked his new home, that he was awakened every morning by his neighbor's gargling.

One of the oldest and most serious charges brought against the Japanese is that they are dishonest in business. Many people still imagine that our countrymen are so untrustworthy that even our own banks employ only Chinese in responsible positions. This is an exceedingly stubborn superstition. Foreigners will trust our Government, but they place little reliance upon our word as individuals. The reason for this seems to me to be that we Japanese are so anxious to appear polite and amiable that we are inclined to say what we think will please a person, regardless of whether it is true or not.

Some of our national defects are attributable, I think, to our food, clothing, and housing. No other nation is as badly fed as our own; in no other country are food and the necessities of life so dear. Consequently we are a poorly nourished race, and high-strung nerves and certain peculiarities of temperament are the natural result.

Foreigners also criticize us as awkward and aloof in social intercourse. Many of our people are apparently so formal and ceremonious that they do not know how to break the ice, and cannot establish themselves on a free footing with others. When traveling we imagine that it would be undignified to address the stranger opposite us, and so sit dumb and taciturn throughout a journey. It is unheard of for one of our people to get up and give his seat in a conveyance to another. Yesterday on a tramcar at Kamakura I saw a sturdy student who would not

shift his position a particle to make room for an elderly lady with a little child to sit down. His expression was of surly resentment toward the woman. Such things naturally make a most unfavorable impression upon Europeans and Americans.

During my eight years' residence at Geneva one of my duties was to introduce prominent gentlemen from my country to Europeans. But some of these gentlemen, whom I had previously mentioned to my foreign friends as great authorities on such and such subjects, or as otherwise distinguished in my own country, were so awkward in shaking hands and so uncouth and boorish in conversation that they produced a very unpleasant impression. Of course this is all explained by their lack of familiarity with Western etiquette. But it really lies deeper; it is partly a matter of mental attitude. Instead of looking a man in the face when they shook hands with him, they would turn around and glance sideways or stand staring at the feet of their new acquaintance.

These may seem superficial matters, but we must bear in mind that even the trifles of courtesy are extremely important both in private and in international intercourse. As a rule we judge foreigners, both as individuals and collectively as nations, by their manners. Japan as a Government holds a creditable and honorable place among the countries of the world. An English financier recently remarked to me that, of all the governments that have borrowed money in the London market during the last sixty years, Japan and Chile are the only ones that have invariably met their liabilities. We should strive to bring our private conduct and manners up to a level with the conduct of our Government.

MARYANA, THE COSSACK GIRL¹

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

[THIS hitherto unpublished story has just been discovered in the Tolstoi manuscript collection at Moscow.]

Two companies of Cossacks had just left the Cossack settlement of Staniza to drive the enemy out of the Terek province. Old men, women, children, and girls followed the troops to the edge of the town. The beautiful Cossack maiden Maryana bade farewell to her brother and young Tereshka Urvan, the darling of her heart. Then her companions, bearing empty wine flasks, put their arms around her and escorted her home. The girls sang Cossack songs, and Maryana sang too, though she wanted to cry.

Tereshka's hovel and the little house belonging to Maryana's parents stood next door to each other. Maryana and Tereshka had been in love for a long time, but Maryana's rich father had no use for Tereshka, who was as poor as a church mouse. One evening during the wine-pressing season Maryana was walking over to Tereshka's garden, when he flung his arms around her, pressed her to his breast, kissed her, and said that when he came back from the wars a rich man he would ask her father's permission to marry her.

'Why, then, did he take his leave without saying a word about it?' wondered Maryana. 'When I passed the farewell wine-cup to my brother I turned all red and was afraid that

Tereshka would say something. Then, when I handed the cup to Tereshka, he drank it off in a single draught, seized his Cossack's cap, leaped upon his steed, swung his whip, and rode away.'

Maryana looked around once more, but only a cloud of dust could be seen in the distance. She sang the song still louder, and when she and her friends arrived at her house she stopped by her neighbor's gateway. Tereshka's mother leaned over the fence and inquired, 'Did you see him off?'

'Yes, grandmother,' replied Maryana sadly.

'Did his horse gallop away, full of life?'

'Yes; and Tereshka was full of life, too.'

Maryana's mother looked over her neighbor's fence and cried: 'What are you up to in the street? Take off that pretty dress of yours and go out and feed the cow. You're big enough to help your mother.'

Maryana entered the house in silence, went to her room, took off her blouse and her blue stockings, and put on her old shoes, before going out into the yard to drive the cow to its stall. When the cow had been attended to, she put on an old smock, wound a bright kerchief about her head, seated herself on the bank by her front door, and ate sunflower seeds. In silence she contemplated the dark heavens, the far-away snow-capped mountains, and the glistening waters of the river. As twilight fell the shadows deepened.

¹ From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), June 5